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DECEMBER 13th.

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December 13th.

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EDITORIAL.

The Editor wishes to thank all those who have sent in contributions to the Magazine, and to explain that he has received so many that it has been impossible to insert them all in the limited space at his disposal. The diaries are worthy of special commendation, and it is hoped that the practice of keeping a Form Diary may be continued, although it will not be possible to publish one in this number.

By the time this copy of the Magazine is in the hands of its supporters, the School's ninth year will be drawing to a close. It has been a very successful year from the School's point of view, both as regards work and play, and the prospect for the coming year is bright.

The Editor would remind all that the good reputation and continued success of the School depend upon each member, and upon the extent to which each can appreciate and practise the motto "Non sibi sed omnibus." With this as a parting word, he wishes all readers "a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE PRINCE'S WELCOME.

Throngs of moving people; an endless stream of traffic, with police mounted and on foot, trying to stem the tide of jostling crowds; flags flying, banners waving, and above all a general sound of grating vehicles and the continuous hum of voices: these were the sights and sounds to be seen and heard in that hub of the universe—the City of London—on that (for me) never-to-be-forgotten eleventh of October—the day on which the Prince of Wales returned to England from his world tour.

Four students and myself, anxious not to miss any of the great happenings in the Metropolis, when we were so near the scene, had obtained leave to go out during morning session to see what we could of the Royal arrival; so with mixed feelings of delight at being free and on pleasure bent when others, less venturesome, were at morning lectures, and excitement at being en route for the festive scene, we lost no time in boarding a 'bus for Victoria.

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As we left Chelsea behind and drew nearer to the centre of the City, the signs of expectancy grew more apparent, and decorations were more numerous. Flags were to be seen strung in rows across the streets, or flying singly from every window and balcony; while banners bidding "A hearty welcome to our Prince," met the eye on every side.

When Victoria Station was reached an impressive scene spread before us. The whole expanse of road and pavement was one seething mass of people and vehicles: people were seen at ever available window and ledge, while a few urchins, regardless of their limbs, had climbed lamp-posts, or were mounted upon railings and precarious looking projections: anywhere, any discomfort, so long as a glimpse could be obtained of him whom all were out to see.

Amongst the assemblage we alighted; five more to swell the throng, five more in search of points of vantage. Luck favoured us, for there by the railings of a Y.M.C.A. hut at the end of Victoria Road just at the edge of the route which the Royal procession would take in passing from the Palace to the station, we spied a space for two; and two of us made a dash for that space. Indeed! Fortune did favour us, as subsequent events proved.

A long period of waiting followed. It was by this time 11.13 a.m., and the Prince was not due to arrive until 1 p.m.: nearly two hours of waiting. But there was too much to be seen to permit of weariness.

There in front of us, were omnibuses of every kind, buses and wagons wedged together as closely as a Chinese puzzle, yet trying to extricate themselves from the melee; here and there mounted policemen, their spirited horses turning restlessly about, continually pushing back the too-eager multitudes; to the left a crowd of uniformed nurses, happy to be off duty; and coming up the street, led by other nurses, a squad of wounded Tommies, in the all-too-familiar hospital blue. At our immediate feet a restless procession of newcomers in search of some yet undiscovered spot where they may gain a glimpse of the passing show.

My companion and I in our elevated place upon the Y.M.C.A. railings—for by this time I had mounted a step higher and was perched (by no means comfortably) above the other bystanders—felt thrills of satisfaction at the

envious glances cast upon us by the less fortunate seekers.

Later, a hush. Only fifteen minutes remained. By this time the larger traffic had ceased, and a long clear pathway stretched along the whole length of Buckingham Palace Road. Only the cries of the persistent street hawkers (of whom there are so many in London) were still to be heard shouting their wares: "Twopence only. God Bless the Prince on an ivy leaf, A souvenir of the Royal return. God bless the Prince on an ivy leaf. Two pence only," which cry being reheated again and again struck one as exceedingly ridiculous.

Other diversions occurred when the ambulance men were seen to carry some unfortunate half-fainting person out of the throng (three times this occurred); and when later, to the general amusement, there appeared in the clearing prepared for the Royal procession a tabby cat, which proceeded leisurely up the street, as unconcernedly as if it were alone. Roars of laughter greeted pussy, who, undaunted by the noise, strolled leisurely on up the centre of the route (possibly desirous of paying her respects to the Prince), until a zealous policeman drove her amongst the spectators, and so behind the scenes.

Soon a band was heard, then a stir down the roadway, and a man in the royal red livery came into view, followed by another and another. The Royal procession was coming, and the cheers grew louder and nearer, as it came on.

Again martial music was heard; they were starting from the station; the cheering grew louder and louder, until it resounded on all sides; then the Prince appeared in sight turning this way and that, smilingly acknowledging the acclamations of the people. Happy and youthful, he looked a very Prince Charming, and the cheers of the thousands rose again and again as he passed onwards along the densely-lined route.

My voice was hoarse with cheering, my arms ached appallingly, but until he passed out of sight I had no thought of quitting my strained position.

Then only my companion and I descended, pushed our way through the moving crowds (no easy matter) and ran the whole way back to college, arriving breathless, but just in time for the midday meal.

Such was my first view of the Royal Family.

A SONNET.

O softly rustling leaves so bright of hue,
That mak'st a wondrous carpet 'neath my feet,
Thou wast, ere now, a beauteous mantle, meet
For Autumn, ere stern Winter onward drew.
The mighty woodland giants shed their leaves,
And now do they present an aspect bare,
As though they stand in readiness to dare
The wintry blasts. And now anon each heaves
A deep-drawn sigh, to think its radiance fled,
Its former rainbow cov'ring passed away;
And 'tis, bereft of mantle bright and gay,
The gaunt and naked ghost of beauties dead.
But what, if Life remains, can Winter bring?
In spite of all, will come the welcome Spring.

E.F.G.

OUR GAMES' DAY.

It is the girls' games' day. Even at 8.30 a.m. this fact seems to arouse excitement for someone exclaims, "Oh, people, it is hockey to-day!" "Yes, thank goodness! That is at least something to live for!" adds some rather "fed-up" person.

At 11.10 there is a rush to pick up the teams, for unless the lists are put up in good time some townspeople cannot arrange to eat sufficient dinner dinner before 1.30 p.m. When the lists are finished what different expressions appear on the faces of the waiting crowd! Some long faces indicate that detention lies in store instead of hockey; shame that their names are missing; others express supreme content.

Immediately dinner is finished there is a rush and a scramble. I cannot find my boots, as usual; someone is anxiously inquiring whether there is a pair of guards "kicking about," and another person is in need of a "gym" dress. Fortunately one girl possesses almost enough of these articles—"gym" dresses—to supply nearly all her immediate friends. Then a queue for the looking glass forms, since most of the girls have decided that is really safer to tie on the little knowledge they have in case of mishaps on the field. So, duly arrayed for the fray, we commence our game.

It is a fray, too! Some players, determined to hit something, slash at the legs of others, while one relies upon a charge to scatter her opponents. Many of us are "too feeble for words," and seem to be occupied more in ploughing up the field than in playing hockey. Then there is that small crowd of spectators making audible remarks, which are certainly not too complimentary to the

players. Several girls, perhaps, fail to stop a pass—the ball seems to dodge their sticks and slip between their feet. "Well!" (very sarcastically) "Just look at that!" and similar comments rub in the mistake, which has, without doubt, already annoyed the player sufficiently. Some boys continually yell "Shoot! Shoot!" and afterwards that annoying "Well!" Do they realise that in hockey it is useless to try to shoot unless inside the circle? To know this fact may save some voices a little exertion.

The game is ended. Hushed and exhausted we retire to the cloakrooms to compare bruises and discuss the game generally. Invariably the majority say, "I couldn't play to save my life to-day." How everyone hopes to play a better game next time!

E.B.

A SEASIDE MEMORY.

In the blue sky overhead fleecy little white clouds float along until they gradually fade away as the day grows hotter and hotter. There are no big waves to-day, but as I run across the hot sand the ripples glide over my toes, giving me little electric shocks. Far out to sea the fishing boats sail up and down. Some have brown sails, others white. Soon my feet smart with the spikes of prickly rocks. Suddenly I come to a deep gulley up which water rushes. I jump expecting to land on rock, but instead down I come with a splash into a rock pool. Once again, over boulders, through pools and over shingle. All the earth looks a-quiver with the heat. The cliffs are covered with silvery green lichen. Here I am at last in my own special cove so I will wander no further. The tide is up so it is half full of water. On either side are high rocks, some rough and jagged, and some smooth. Close by, in the sea, is a tall pinnacle covered with orange and green lichen. As I do not like to walk on shingle, I roam about the smooth rocks where I find rock pools. There are many red anemones, and a few green and brown ones, like the green ones best because their fingers are green with pink tips. Anemones are very good company. I love to feel that I am alone among them and the mermaids and fishes. Who is there crying and screaming? It is the sea gulls as they fly past me. You can see a long way from the higher rocks. Ah! now I see the Eddystone

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lighthouse like a needle on the horizon. Suddenly I hear voices, and looking up, see my friends calling me to come and bathe. B.W.W. (11)

"ALL EMPIRE IS NO MORE THAN POWER IN TRUST."

It was in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries that colonies, such as we understand them today, were first founded, and that European nations began to establish empires in other lands. The discovery of the previously unknown continent of America by such men as Vasco da Gama and Christopher Columbus, and the increased knowledge of Africa and India, led to the desire of the great nations for possessions oversea. The spirit of adventure, prompted by the Renaissance, and the desire for the fabulous wealth of the east and west, impelled men to set out on perilous voyages to new regions.

The Spaniards and the Portuguese were the first nations to acquire distant possessions outside Europe. To a certain degree both were prompted to do so by the desire for wealth. Both countries obtained possession of newly-discovered territories by means of gifts of the lands from the Pope. It can be said with truth that Spain and Portugal founded empires merely for the sake of power; especially is this so in the case of Spain. The Spaniards entered America as conquerors, and remained as conquerors to the last. They did nothing to improve or develop the conquered land. They made no attempt to create in the aborigines of America habits of self-government, nor did they even try to civilise them. Spain was merely attracted by the gold and silver mines of Mexico and Peru. One of their own historians said, "Auri rabida sitis a cultura Hispanos divertit," and this is completely true of them in their attempts at empire-building in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Portugal's efforts were founded on the same low ideals.

The attitude of Spain and Portugal to their respective possessions abroad brings up the question: What should be the ideal of a colonising power? Certainly, it is wrong for a country to establish empire for the sake of empire alone, i.e., for the sake of power and gain. Yet this is what Spain and Portugal, yes, and France, Holland and England, later did. If a Christian country cannot properly civilise a conquered people, and cannot ameliorate the condition of

that people, then they have no right to conquer. They have no righteous excuse for holding a country under their sway, unless they improve both it and its inhabitants. The Spaniards and others in the fifteenth century would probably have told one that they conquered for the sake of spreading Christianity, as Cortes said, when he subdued Mexico. This was in many cases a mere pretext. Gain and worldly power were the goal.

Again, much empire-building was undertaken by one European nation for the purpose of opposing and combatting another. This was indeed a case when all empire's being considered in trust was an unheard of axiom.

England was, at first, as much at fault as other nations in respect to her idea of empire. Her loss of the American colonies in 1783 was due to her attempted exploitation of them. Happily this taught her that her empire must not be considered merely a source of wealth. Empire and mother-country must co-operate, if both are to be successful. France also has adopted similar ideas, and, like England, now allows her empire practically to control itself. As early as the beginning of the present century she permitted representatives of Algiers to sit in the French government. No one can deny that Great Britain has improved the condition of India by her possession of it. The test by which to assure ourselves whether a people have been made more prosperous and contented by another great nation's rule is this: if the people are really happier they will remain loyal; if, on the other hand, their lot is not bettered through being under the sway of another power, they will probably revolt. The loyalty of India to Britain justifies Britain's conquest and possession of India. Since the Mutiny of 1857 there has been no considerable trouble there. Similarly Britain established a "protectorship" over Egypt. The terribly corrupt rule of the Turk was done away with, and the peaceful acquiescence of Egypt in the rule of England, together with the fact that the other European nations have not interfered with England's guidance of Egyptian affairs, justify the action of Britain.

There is one more example of a nation which has yet to learn the principle that empire is merely power in trust. This is Germany. She is unsuccessful compared with England and France, as a coloniser and an empire-builder, because

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she treats her colonies, or rather did treat them as sources of power to help her in her struggle for ascendancy in Europe.

Empire should definitely not be established for the sake of mere power. The subjection of other peoples should always be undertaken with a view to improving their conditions, and should be founded on Christian and, consequently, liberal principles. Great Britain's empire to-day is held together by the loosest of what might be termed "artificial" bonds. Yet the affection which knits together our empire, that love of England which prompted Australia, Canada, and our other possessions to help in the colossal war just ended, attests the righteousness of England's principles in regard to empire, and goes to prove that "all empire is no more than power in trust." R.H.M.

THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR.

Pass to thy rest, brave spirit ! 'Tis the most
Thy land can do to give thee honoured tomb.
Much more did'st thou deserve, one of the host
Who gave their life-blood to dispel our gloom.
Thou art for each succeeding age the type
Of Britain's manhood, faithful unto death.
In that tense hour when freedom held her breath,
And the grim foe, judging the time was ripe,
Assailed thy country. What had England done
Had she lacked such as thou ? Reward will come
For thine immortal comrades and for thee.
Let us rejoice then : for, at least we can
Renemb'ring terror, thankful we are free,
Stand by thy grave and say "This was a man!"

R.H.M.

THE RELAPSE OF SUMMER-TIME.

The alteration of summer time back to the correct time caused quite a sensation in the sleepy little village of Crowle. There had been a rumour abroad that the clocks were to be altered on the last Sunday in September, and this had not been contradicted until about the previous Friday. No one had a daily paper, except "the people at the Hall," and the weekly journal that the Crowle people took in was printed on Thursday, so how could they be expected to know that the clocks were not to be altered for another month ?

Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the majority of the people knew in time. Still, there were some who stayed in bed an extra hour in blissful ignorance. Among these was Miss Priscilla Parsons, who never missed walking very sedately down the village street precisely

at ten minutes to eleven, carrying a huge prayer-book, and a somewhat green umbrella. One can imagine her dismay on this Sunday morning, to see practically every curtain moving as she paraded to church, but she put this down to the fact that she had on a new bonnet. When she arrived at the church gates, she was met by a noisy crowd of Sunday School children, who came out before the sermon. They enjoyed the joke immensely. Miss Priscilla was more amazed than ever, until, glancing at the church clock, she saw with horror that it was nearly twelve o'clock. Even then she did not grasp the truth ; she thought of course that all the Crowle people had forgotten to alter their clocks. She even hesitated as to the propriety of rushing in and telling the vicar there and then, in the middle of his sermon, but she finally resolved to let them find out. She walked back with even greater dignity than before. On coming near the post office she saw a notice to the effect, that all clock's were to be altered in another month's time. At length she saw it all plainly enough. Poor Miss Priscilla ! She forgot the glorious splendour of her new bonnet, all her stately dignity, and rushed madly home.

Things went on very much as usual during the next month, the affair of Miss Priscilla was soon forgotten by everyone except herself. Soon something happened which kept every gossiping person busy for some time. The vicar of Crowle an old man, who lived with his old sister, Miss Matilda, had a funny old clerk, Thomas, who was very slow in comprehending anything new yet very important in his own estimation. It was his duty to attend to the church clock. When he read in the paper that the clocks were to be altered between two and three o'clock he was filled with wonder. He had never approved of the scheme at all, and quite failed to see why honest people should have to leave their beds, early in the morning just to alter clocks. Nevertheless, he liked to do his duty, so he heroically determined to alter the church clock at precisely two o'clock a.m. Accordingly, at the very witching hour of night, when churchyards yawn and hell itse breathes out contagion to this world," with stic and lantern, Thomas made his way to the church. It must be confessed a little nervously. Every step that creaked and every mouse that stirred in the belfry startled him, until in his confusion instead of putting the clock back, he put it on an hour. He went home with an easy conscienc

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thinking he had done his duty bravely, and well earned a "night's repose."

At a quarter to eight by the church clock, he went to ring the bell for the eight o'clock service, he was struck by the stillness of the village, and the deserted church. At eight o'clock, when even the vicar had not arrived, he thought it his duty to go to find him. When he got to the vicarage he could make no one hear, so he resolved to get up to the vicar's window. Perhaps he had overslept himself, or perhaps he had been murdered in bed. He knew quite well which was the vicar's room, for hadn't he helped to carry the furniture up years ago? It never occurred to him that he might have changed it since then. With some difficulty he found a ladder and managed to climb up to the window. Oh, horror! Instead of the vicar lying peacefully sleeping, or stretched in a pool of blood on the floor, Miss Matilda was sitting up in bed, drinking her early cup of tea. On seeing Thomas, she uttered a piercing shriek, and fell back fainting on her pillows. A few minutes afterwards Thomas found himself safe on the ground, though he could never tell exactly how he managed to get there. Miss Matilda's shriek had aroused the vicarage people. She declared that Thomas had come with the intention of murdering her. He was deprived of his position of clerk, and seemed quite a ruined man afterwards. If one tried to sympathise with him in any way, he always declared it was "them new fangled ideas they get up in London" that had caused his downfall. B.C.

SCHOOL LIFE IN JAMAICA.

I am going to tell you what our life is like here in Jamaica. We leave home in the morning about 8-15 and walk to school, as it is then fairly cool and never rainy. Here we see people of all kinds and descriptions, black boys and girls, men and women, all bare-footed and most of them carrying baskets on their heads and setting off to their day's work. We pass the woman selling charcoal and wood and shouting "buy your coal, buy your wood," the charcoal being carried in a basket on her head, and the wood in panniers on a donkey's back. We never see coal in Jamaica except at the docks for shipping.

Some Jamaican buggies pass us taking business people into town. The buggies are four-wheelers, they have a roof which is fixed on a light frame,

and the sides are open. They carry four including the driver. The driver sits on half the front seat facing the horse, and a passenger sits beside him facing the other way. There is a seat behind where the other passengers sit. The horses are very sorry-looking animals and seem to feel the heat.

We meet the black market women with huge baskets piled high with fruit on their heads, and very often dragging a miserable donkey, whose panniers are heavily laden with sugar cane. There are very few sweet shops available in Jamaica, but for a quattie (1½d.) we can buy a long stick of sugar cane, which when peeled and chewed is very good.

A crowded tramcar overtakes us. Jamaican tramcars are not like English. They are open both sides and the seats go straight across; there are no seats on the outside because of the sun.

The sky is nearly always blue—a most wonderful blue, although it is so dazzling. The roads are dusty and very white, and make our eyes ache so that we have to wear smoked glasses out of doors.

On the way we cross a field where mango trees grow; these early in June are laden with mangoes. Mangoes are a very common fruit in Jamaica: they are rather like a plum, but quite as large as a good-sized apple: they are very delicious. The natives are very fond of them, and depend on them greatly during the season.

After crossing this field we get on to about the only tarred road in Jamaica. This runs along by the reservoir and is tarred to keep the dust off the water.

At last we come in sight of the school. It is not a bit like an English school. It is a one-storied building, and has a verandah all round it, covered on the sunny side by a thick green creeper. There is a large hall in the centre of the building and three large classrooms each side of it. There is another smaller building which contains two classrooms, and a green hut known as the Bungalow. The classrooms are open to the verandah on both sides, and, looking in one direction you see the sea, and from the opposite side you see the mountains. They are the Blue Mountains and are much higher than any in the British Isles. The classrooms are delightfully cool and well-shaded from the sun: about 11 o'clock a lovely breeze comes from the sea and blows through them, making our books and papers flutter about. The breeze is called the

free p 6
Cathie

Doctor by the natives as it keeps Kingston healthy. It is a very trying day when the doctor fails us.

The school was founded and endowed by John Wolmer, a jeweller of Kingston, in the latter end of the 17th century. The original building was completely destroyed by the earthquake of 1907; this happened on the last day of the Christmas holidays so fortunately no one was in the building, the headmistress having left it half-an-hour before it happened. The present building, which is specially adopted for tropical conditions, was erected outside the town a year or so afterwards. There is also a Boy's school adjoining; the two standing in about 4 or 5 acres of ground containing tennis courts and cricket and football ground. The two schools are quite distinct.

The staff are all English, and the school is run on English High School lines. The Cambridge Local Examinations are taken here at Christmas time, and the results obtained are generally very good. The same subjects are studied here as we did at Alcester, but Spanish is alternative with French, and commercial subjects (shorthand and book-keeping) alternative with Latin.

The school hours are from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m., and there is no afternoon school except for games and drawing. The girls out here play net ball and tennis, but they do not start till after four o'clock as it is too hot before. There are about 250 girls in the school, about fifty English and the rest Jamaican.

Lunch time is from 11-15 till 11-30. An old black woman comes with her basket of fruit and she has many customers. She sells oranges, tangerines, bananas, naseberries, and any fruit in season. Nearly everything costs either a gbit (3d), or a quattie (1½d). She is a very amusing old woman and hates giving change. You often have to shout at her and worry her for about five minutes before she will take any notice of you. When there is rather a crush around her, she puts out both arms and pushes everybody away.

At 1 o'clock we hastily put our books into our bags and rush out to catch the car which passes about five minutes after the bell rings. This saves us a walk along a glaring road through terrible heat, which is at its worst in the middle of the day. Very few girls go back in the afternoon, as all Jamaicans, and most English people find it necessary to rest then.

There is a very long summer holiday because of the great heat, but the others come about the same time and are about the same length as in England.

MARY LLOYD.

A CRITICISM OF THE PRESENT RELATION OF CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

At present the relations of capital and labour are, as most people know, very serious. An agreement between these two great forces depends on the industrial welfare of the world. Until an international agreement takes place with regard to these relations, life will still be an unceasing attempt to make both ends meet, on the part of the "New Poor," and the continued profiteering of the "New Rich."

The relations of capital and labour still move in what may well be called a "Vicious Circle"—higher prices, therefore, higher cost of living, strikes, higher wages, therefore, more money needed to pay them, therefore, still higher prices. If this circle only affected the two principals in the drama, it would be unimportant; but it affects the whole nation, Europe, the world. There is one consolation; it cannot keep on for long.

One of the main causes of this misery was, directly or indirectly, the Great War. Munition workers could ask what wages they liked, and could get them; having lived from hand to mouth, they cannot keep up their war-time expenditure, and they will not return to their pre-war work. Until the nation as a whole understands that, if the action of the vicious circle continues, the crash will be the greater when it comes, prices, wages, the state of the exchange, and, indeed, all financial matters will not be equalised. The unrest, also due to the war conditions, is more difficult to eradicate. Ex-soldiers having certain mentalities, cannot settle down to their old life; they must be up and doing. The great wave of crime may be due to this desire for excitement and adventure, or to the lowering of the moral tone of the people during the war.

To restore the balance of the nations, the two great methods must be used:—Cure for the present; prevention for the future. Both methods, and more especially the latter, are closely connected with education. The ideals of the nations must be changed, not necessarily the rulers. Evolution is wanted, not revolution. Thus the really only effective remedy is that of moral and æsthetic education. The people must

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be educated out of the idea that the only things worth having in life are food, drink, money, and such life.

With regard to secondary methods of cure, such as anti-profiteering campaigns, the workman must not be forgotten; the employer is not the only profiteer; the employee is just as bad, but in a different way. The profiteering of the latter primarily affects the employer, secondarily the people. The Socialistic view is right. Equality, however, should not be confined to money; education is much more important. It is better to follow the evolutionist, who wants to "make every man a king," than the revolutionist, who wants to "make every king a man." Thus, education in all its many branches is the foundation-stone of the millennium. H.L. (13).

THE LIBRARY.

The opening of the library has caused great excitement throughout the school. Never before has it come in for such an enormous amount of attention. In V B the excitement was intense. One afternoon we peered over as usual to see if the books had arrived, and to our great delight we saw on the shelves, piles of new books in shining paper covers. A wild confusion arose. We pushed up our desks to stand on, and flattened our noses against the glass, in a vain endeavour to read their names. "I've bagged the one with the sailor on the back!" screamed a girl. "No, indeed, you haven't. That is mine!" I retort. "It isn't." "It is!" "Oh, shut up, you two!" continues someone else, "Just look at those school stories—oh!" With a breathless gasp, she flopped into her desk, all the class deftly following her example, for the grim figure of our form master stands in the doorway.

Thank goodness, our library day is on Tuesday. On Monday it was absolutely painful to be in V B. We set people to watch over the precious books in case someone should slink in and take one. About half way through the lesson, the two people who were watching began to make furious signs, and a low murmuring was heard in the library. We endured agonies all through the lesson, and as soon as it was over we climbed on our desks to see who was there. The VI were placidly taking out books and glancing over them. It was too much! "You greedy, greedy, horrible old stuck-up things," we hissed at them (of course we daren't say it too loudly). "Oh, look!

She's taking mine," wailed a girl, as one of the VI formers made for a certain book. "You dare! Put it down at once," vigorously rapping the glass. With a parting glare we returned to our seats, and planned a speedy vengeance.

Tuesday breaks at last! We rush to the library and spend a thrilling time choosing a book. In spite of the sixth's invasion, there are some very exciting ones left, and as we go up the corridor we all declare that our own beginning sentence is the most interesting, and that library day and the library itself are the very nicest things (except Hockey) at the A.G.S.

E.W.

"TANNHAUSER"—A FIRST IMPRESSION.

On October 16th, a party from A.G.S. went to Redditch to see the opera of "Tannhauser" performed by the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Some bicycled; but most jolted along in a 'bus hired for the occasion.

We had just time to get comfortably seated, when the orchestra began the overture with the first soft notes of the "Pilgrims' Chorus," which, growing louder and louder, merged into the fantastic music of the "Venus Berg," followed by the "motives" of Tannhauser and Elizabeth, till it ended with the last drawn out notes of the Pilgrims. There were a few moments in which to take breath before the curtain rose on the first scene.

Venus reclines on a couch with Tannhauser at her feet, and nymphs dance around her. Tannhauser wakes from his dream of earth and tells Venus he must leave her. Then follows the impassioned duet between Tannhauser and Venus, in which she implores him to stay with her. The scene ends with Tannhauser victorious, and ready to go back to his own world. The second scene transports us to the upper world where, on a rocks hillside, Tannhauser is seen listening to the song of a shepherd. The song ceases as a band of pilgrims passes. Tannhauser's thoughts are thus turned heavenwards, and he kneels in prayer by the wayside shrine. His meditations are interrupted by the appearance of the hunting party of the landgrave. They recognise him and persuade him to join them. The next scene is the most magnificent of all. It is in the "Hall of Song," where the minstrels are to hold a competition. Elizabeth enters, and Tannhauser joins her, and in a fine duet they

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rejoice in their reunion. When he leaves her the Landgrave, Elizabeth's father, makes his appearance, and they together welcome the lords and ladies, who have come to hear the tournament of song. Wolfram, Tannhauser's friend, sings a song in praise of his lady, but when Tannhauser's turn comes, he sings in praise of Venus, which scandalises the Christian gathering. The men all try to kill him, but Elizabeth prevents them, and finally Tannhauser is permitted to join the pilgrimage to Rome, and ask for pardon of the Pope. The colours in this scene are so gorgeous, the music is so grand, and the whole so enthralling, that it thrills every nerve, lifting you out of yourself, and making you one of the glittering throng. The last scene is again on the hillside, where Elizabeth kneels by the wayside shrine, while Wolfram watches her from a distance. A band of returning pilgrims enter, and she eagerly looks for Tannhauser, but in vain. She returns to her prayers, and on her departure Wolfram sings in her praise the most beautiful song of the whole opera. Tannhauser, a tired pilgrim, comes by and tells his tale of woe. How the Pope refused to pardon him, saying that the rod in his hand would sooner blossom than such sin be forgiven, and now he intends to go back to Venus. Wolfram will not allow this, and they struggle together. At last sad quiet notes are heard, the bier of Elizabeth is brought in, and Tannhauser, on seeing her, falls down beside it dead. The pilgrims enter again, bringing the Pope's rod, which has now blossomed with leaves and flowers, showing that Tannhauser has been forgiven.

It was very late when we came out of the theatre, and one of the party fell asleep in the bus as we travelled home, and two others started to walk back to Redditch instead of home, when they got out of the 'bus. I never realised how great Wagner was until I heard Tannhauser, and I am sure that everyone else who saw it for the first time would feel the same. J.W.W. (14)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

This term we have received two new additions to the staff—Miss Kingston-Jones in the place of Miss Weir, and Mr. Alexander.

This term also we suffered a drastic re-distribution of "form names." At length, however, we are becoming rather more accustomed to the new appellations.

We are all delighted to see the Library once more in working order after having been closed for half the term. Great is the demand for the new books that have appeared on the shelves. May we hope that the old ones will not be forgotten, and that the enthusiasm and appreciation now evident may not die down.

The collection on Friday, November 12th, in aid of the fund for the starving children of Europe was very satisfactory, the amount raised being £4 5s.

May we ask whether that unfortunate individual, who last term defined a "cyclone" as "a crack in the earth's crust," has yet become aware of her error?

Is it possible that at last the new huts have arrived? At present their appearance is by no means reassuring as to their fitness for habitation. How long before they are so?

Is there any possibility of a shortage of certain fatty acids in the near future? Judging from the amount of hair oil in evidence among the boys we deem it highly probable.

May we ask whether E. B.'s "pigheadedness," as evinced in his last English essay, was purposely assumed, or whether it is the "nature of the beast?"

Also, is it true that E.B. is, like Daniel O'Connell, gifted with a talent for mob oratory? "I maintain that . . . he is!"

On Friday evening, November 19th, a lantern lecture was held, at which Miss Gough, of the China Inland Mission, gave us some of her impressions on China. Afterwards she showed us some very interesting articles—Chinese needle-work and embroidery (which made the girls feel very envious), Chinese dolls in native costume, shoes of pigmy size, drawings, and examination papers by Chinese children.

The lantern was manipulated by R.J., E.B. and J.J. May we ask if there is any truth in the rumour that these three, or at any rate J.J. and R.J., are about to take up the study of the Chinese language? From appearances we should say that they will find it no easy task.

Thursday, December 2nd, was Speech Day. The Examination Certificates were presented by Canon S. Blofeld, Principal of Saltley Training College, Birmingham, whose address was much appreciated.

Violet Bunting won the Girls' Tennis Tournament and with it the gold medal at the end of the

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Summer Term. The racquet was awarded to Florence Andrews, and the bat, kindly offered by Mr. Cleasby, to Walker.

The School has now reached one hundred and ninety, with equal numbers of boys and girls. There were forty-two new comers when the term opened in September.

The prefects this term are Eunice Baseley (head girl), Edith F. Gander, Phyllis Richardson, Florence Andrews, Violet Bunting, A. Anker (head boy), R. H. Mander, E. Bowen, J. Jones, B. Walker.

The captains of the sides are as follows:—

Brownies—E. Baseley, Anker.

Jackals—E. Gander, Walker.

Tom Tits—V. Bunting, Jones.

Walker is captain of Football, with Bunting as vice-captain. E. Baseley is Hockey captain and M. Walker vice-captain.

Margaret Farquhar is studying at Birmingham University. We congratulate her upon having obtained a Worcestershire C.C. Exhibition.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY.

At the beginning of this term it was decided by the committee that there should be six meetings of the Musical Society during this year's session; three to be held this term and three next. So far two of these meetings have been held.

On Wednesday September 29th, we were favoured by a visit from Dr. Stokes. With him came Mrs. Spencer, who assisted vocally, and Mr. Bolton, a violinist. Dr. Stokes' rendering of pianoforte music, which consisted of selections from Bach, Scarlatti, Schumann, Beethoven and Brahms, was most delightful. Each item was beautifully given and fully appreciated by a large and attentive audience.

The second meeting of the Society was held on Wednesday, October 27th. A most interesting programme was given by the members of the fifth and sixth forms. The items of the programme were as follows:—Trio, "Waltz" (Wolff), J. Wells, B. Clarke and K. Fenn; song, "Break, Break, Break," A. Anker; piano solo, "Waltz" (Durand), A. Keegan; canons, "Happiness" and "Look Upward," V and VI Forms; piano solo, "Russian Dance," N. Hill; reading, "The Art of Accompaniment," A. Anker; songs, "Silent Moon" and "Sea Rovers' Song," Miss Watts; The Carl Rosa Operas, Miss Wells;

trio, "Polish Dance" (Scharwenka), V. Bunting and E. Stock.

It is intended to devote the next and last meeting of this term to part-songs.

So far each meeting has been well supported by both pupils and our friends outside the school.

Through the success of the meetings of the Society the membership has increased from 42 to 52.

A.A.

FOOTBALL.

We returned to school on the 22nd of September, after the long summer holiday, eagerly looking forward to the coming football season. On Tuesday, September 28th, Walker, Bunting (i) and Mander (i) were elected captain, vice-captain and secretary respectively.

Seven matches were arranged for this term, the first being with Evesham Grammar School, at Evesham. It resulted in a victory for us by three goals to nil. On October 23rd Redditch School were the visitors, and after an enjoyable game we again won by 4—1. The annual match with the Old Boys took place on October 30th, the result being 6—2 in favour of the Old Boys. On November 13th we received a visit from Evesham Grammar School. We again proved the stronger team, winning by 7—0. Another interesting match took place on November 20th the Old Boys' A team. This time we proved victorious, the score being 4—2.

The first house match took place on Wednesday, November 3rd, between the Tomtits and the Jackals, the Tomtits winning 3—0.

So far this season, the following boys have appeared in the School eleven:—Wilson, Bomford, Bunting i, Bunting ii, Hall, Staff, Walker, Holder, Maunder i, Winnett, Jones, Betteridge, Sisam, Maunder ii.

B.W.

THE SCOUTS.

The beginning of this school year saw the number of pupils greatly increased. As a result of this the scouts are about forty-two strong. This increase has led to the formation of a new patrol called the "Peewits." There are, however, many boys who are not members of the troop. Both the Scoutmaster and the rest of the troop would be very pleased if they would make an effort to join.

Throughout the term the scouts have been busily engaged upon various kinds of scout

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occupations. Each meeting has been full of interest and enjoyment. With foot trails, cycle trails, despatch carrying, and endeavours made to secure proficiency badges, our Friday meetings have all passed too quickly.

Mt. Lester's interest in the band continues as keen as ever. He would, however, welcome new recruits, as the number of players has recently diminished.

Unfortunately, the scout camp, to which we eagerly looked forward last summer, could not be held owing to the unsettled weather conditions. Everyone was very much disappointed, but we all hope that we shall be able to hold one next summer.

A.A.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

The results of the examinations, which were held in July last, were more gratifying than in any previous year. Three candidates entered for the Higher School Certificate Examination, and seventeen for the Senior Oxford : all succeeded in passing, and are to be warmly congratulated. Results :—

Oxford Higher School Certificate :— M. Farquhar, E. F. Gander and R. H. Mauder.

Oxford Senior Local Examination :—

HONOURS.

1st Class :—E. A. Baseley and P. M. Richardson.

2nd Class :—K. M. Perks, E. N. Young, E. Bowen and A. Anker.

3rd Class :—N. Hill, F. M. Andrews, H. Hall, E. H. Mauder and R. H. R. Jephcott.

PASSES.

J. Jones, E. A. Finnemore, K. Fenn, E. H. Fourt, E. Clarke and V. Bunting.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "RECORD."

Sir,—For some time past I have thought that something ought to be done regarding School neckties. Our so-called School ties are not exclusively A.G.S. at all ; they are public ties. Wherever one goes people are wearing them. Now, I think, something should be done, and done quickly. A new pattern should be suggested by some artistic person in the School. The Red and Black colours are, of course, all right but the horizontal bars pattern is now too common. I really think that A.G.S. is worthy of a distinctive necktie. Let one of the sports' day competitions be a design for a School tie. Hal the people in School do not wear a School necktie at present, simply because it is such a public article.

Yours sincerely,

A MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE.

The matter shall be investigated. The chief difficulty in carrying out the above suggestion would be the increased cost of the ties, which are already expensive.—Editor.

Sir,—The accommodation of the School is now taxed to its utmost, and nowhere is this more apparent than on the playing field. Never since the School has been built have there been so many pupils attending A.G.S., and so, with this large influx of scholars, I think an increased playing field is of paramount importance. The field that we now possess is kept in excellent condition, but I am very much afraid that with so much going on in the way of athletic games it will soon become very worn.

If the field adjoining the girls' end of the school was laid out for their use, I think it would be a great benefit, and go a long way towards alleviating this overcrowding.

Yours truly, B.W.

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